

WAKE LADY WAKE,

Song,

The Poetry By

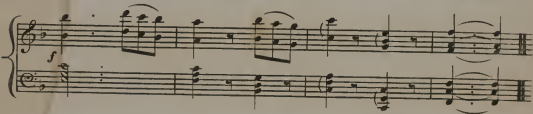
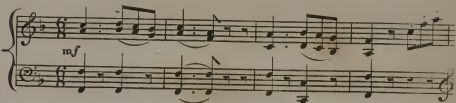
HENRY NEEL,

Composed By

AUGS MEYES.

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and Sold at the Music Saloon, 36 Cornhill BOSTON.

CANTABILE.



Wake, Lady! wake, wake Lady! wake, the mid-night moon,

Sails thro' the cloud-less skies of June, The stars shine lightly

on the stream, Which in the brightness of their beam, A field of glo-ry

lies, A field of glory lies. The

glow-worm lends its lit-tle light, And all that's beau-ti-ful and

bright, Is shi-ning here, on us to night, Save thy bright

eyes; Save thy bright eyes.

mes.

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Wake Lady! wake, wake Lady! wake, the nightingale,
 Tells to the moon her fovelorn tale,
 Now does the brook that's hush'd by day,
 As near the stream it winds it's way,
 In murmers sweet rejoice.
 In murmers sweet rejoice.

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The leaves by the nightwind gently mov'd,
 Now whisper many a gentle word,
 And all the sweetest sounds are heard;
 Save thy sweet voice,
 Save thy sweet voice.

